The Tragedie of Hamlet Printe of Denmarke. These hands are not morelike. Ham. I will watch to night Ham. But where was this? perchance twill walke againe. Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht. Hora. I warn't it will Ham Did you not speake to it? I si brod you beabal well Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person, Nora. My Lord I did; what arread finds, flind He fpe ke to it though hell it felfe should gape But answer made it none, yet once mee thought hard the And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all It lifted up it head and did addresse As 185 yan 2500 had I him w If you have hetherto conceald this fight It selfe to motion, like as it would speake: drawed bad I report Let it be tenable in your filence still, But even then then the morning Cock crew loude, the red at the And what what focuer els shall hap to night, And at the found it shruncke in hast away Tymorod W. And H. Giue it an understanding but no tongue, And vanishe from our fight. www. I 275 29bairs you al I will requite your loues, so fare you well: Ham. Tis very ftrange, oos a 25 w a, 2500 mid wet I, and Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue Hora. As I doe live my honor,d Lord tis true Ilevifit you. And wee did thinke it writ downe in our ducty shool ton Hall All Our ducty to your homor, Exeunt. To let you know of it. Hey mid wall skinds Live I yM and H Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell. Ham. Indeede firs but this troubles me, My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well, Hold you the watch to night? I way as Wed bred vide at I doubt some foule play, would the night were come, All.. Wee doe my Lord, Stades I ver gold of I make Till then sit still my soule, soule deedes will rise Ham, Arm'd fay you? to a countimbe they notes? Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes, All. Arm'd my Lord routleb wam I lia sies suit neges ne di W Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister, Ham. From top to toe? smallers & dile strating shade Laer. My necessare inbarckt, farewell, All. My Lord from head to footr. May or sharring all And fifter as the winds give benefit Ham Then faw you not his face? 30 000 100 100 100 100 And conuay, in affiftant do not fleepe Hora. Oyes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp. But let me heare from you, to walk hand be a sense and Ham. What look't hee frowningly? Ophe, Doe you doubt that? Hora. A countenance more in forrow then in anger, Laer. For Hamlet and the triffing of his fauour, Ham. Pale or red ? have y all outgits, boundoon such and Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood, Hora. Nay very pale. See app of Visax any onto bound A Violet in the youth of primy nature, Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you? Date ment exclude eases Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, Hora. Most constantly, and a most ye visites his swelless Theperfume and suppliance of a minute Ham. I would I had beene there. No more Hora. It would have much amaz'd you. Ophe, Mo more but fo. Ham. Very like, faid it long? to the distinguished of flowl Laer Thinke it no more. Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth, For nature cressant does not grow alone, In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes Both. Longer, longer. All Vada a continued was a link Hora. Not when I faw't. Wand in brids of my of the Ila The inward service of the mind soule Ham. His beard was grifeld, no. 100 Ham. His beard was grifeld, no. Gtowes wide Withall, perhaps hee loues you now, Hora, It was as I have feene it in his life a pariet on to empor Ane now no foyle nor cautell doth befmerch on Apparition cones al knew your father. The vertue of his will, but you must feare, A fable filuer'd.